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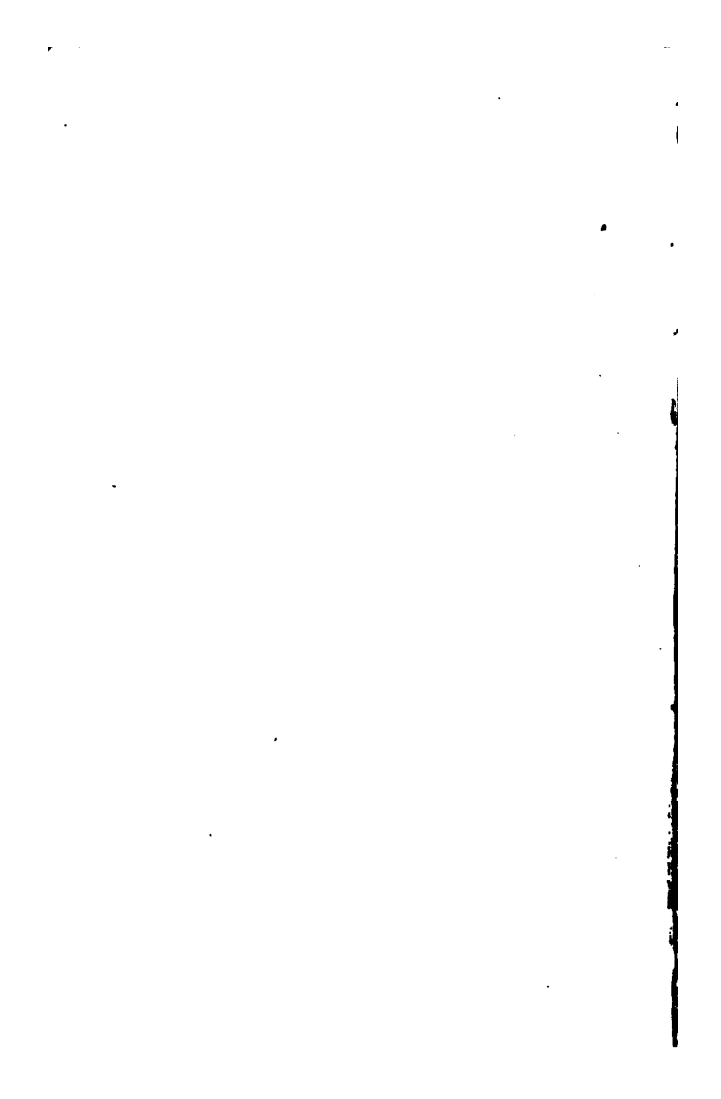
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# BACHELOR BIGOTRIES

COMPILED BY AN  
OLD MAID  
AND APPROVED BY A  
YOUNG BACHELOR

*Second Edition*

SAN FRANCISCO:  
COMMERCIAL PUBLISHING COMPANY  
1901.

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1901



# BACHELOR BIGOTRIES

COMPILED BY AN  
OLD MAID  
AND APPROVED BY A  
YOUNG BACHELOR

---

IN SPITE OF ALL THAT THESE PAGES MAY  
CONTAIN TO PROVE THE CONTRARY

*"I know the thing that's most uncommon,  
(Envy be silent and attend)  
I know a reasonable woman,  
Handsome, and witty, yet a friend."*

TO HER, MY SISTER, AND TO MY  
BACHELOR BROTHER  
THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED BY THE  
OLD MAID



# Bachelor Bigotries



## January First

(AFTER WATCHING THE OLD YEAR OUT)

Half the night I watched the  
heavens

Fizz like "81" champagne,  
Fly to sixes and to sevens,  
Wheel and thunder back again;  
And when all was peace and order  
Save one planet nailed askew,  
Much I wept because my warder  
Would not let me set it true.

—*Kipling.*

## January Second

"Early marriages were misery; imprudent marriages idiotism, and marriage at the best," he was wont to say, with a kindling eye, and a heightened color. "Marriage at the best—was the devil."—*Lytton.*

**January Third****THE BACHELOR**

I'm Neverwed—  
Well groomed, well fed ;  
No giddy girl  
Makes my heart whirl ;  
No fair one's art  
Can smash my heart ;  
No Cupid's net  
Snares me, you bet ;  
No tether goes  
Through my poor nose ;  
I'm free !  
See ?  
And free I'll stay  
'Till judgment day ;  
I have not hats  
To buy, nor brats  
To squall  
Through all  
The night ;  
I don't go home  
'Till daylight's gloam  
Unless I choose ;  
I mix with men  
And now and then

I take a glass ;  
But let that pass ;  
A great, great head,  
Mine—Neverwed ;  
That's me ;  
I'm free !  
See ?                   —*Exchange.*

**January Fourth**

You hear that boy laughing—  
you think he's all fun ;  
But the angels laugh, too, at the  
good he has done.  
The children laugh loud as they  
troop to his call,  
And the poor man who knows  
him laughs loudest of all.  
—*Holmes.*

**January Fifth**

Woman's at best a contradic-  
tion still.—*Pope.*

**January Sixth**

Love—sentimental measles.  
—*Charles Kingsley.*

**January Seventh**

Let not woman e'er complain  
Of inconstancy in love ;  
Let not woman e'er complain  
Fickle man is apt to rove.  
Look abroad thro' nature's range,  
Nature's mighty law is change.  
Ladies, would it not seem strange  
Man should then a monster prove?  
Mark the winds, and mark the  
    skies,  
Ocean's ebb and ocean's flow,  
Sun and moon but set to rise,  
Round and round the seasons go.  
Why, then, ask of silly man  
To oppose great nature's plan?  
We'll be constant while we can—  
You can do no more, you know.  
    —*Burns.*

**January Eighth**

We love in others what we lack  
ourselves,  
And would be everything but  
what we are.  
    —*R. H. Stoddard.*

**January Ninth**

Marriage — monotony multiplied by two.

—*After George Meredith.*

**January Tenth**

Men have died ere this,  
And worms have eaten them,  
But not for love.

—*Shakespeare.*

**January Eleventh**

“Your’e all’as a layin’ everything to women or religion, Captain Pharo Kobbe!”

“Don’t mention on ’em in the same breath,” said the Captain, “don’t. They hadn’t never orter be classed together.”

—*Sarah P. McLean Greene.*

**January Twelfth**

Women, like princes, find few real friends.—*Lyttleton.*



**January Thirteenth**

Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar  
state,  
Where folks are very apt to scold  
and hate. —*Pindar.*

**January Fourteenth**

A wife he hadn't got at all,  
A decent, steady, sober man—  
No saint, however—not at all.  
—*Gilbert.*

**January Fifteenth**

He'd sparked it with full twenty  
gals,  
He'd squired 'em, danced 'em,  
druv 'em,  
Fust this one and then that, by  
spells—  
All is, he couldn't love 'em.  
—*Lowell.*

**January Sixteenth**

—he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins and the whole race of witches put together; and that was—a woman.

—*Irving.*

**January Seventeenth**

God be thanked — what'er  
comes after,  
I have lived and toiled with men.

—*Kipling.*

**January Eighteenth**

How poor, how rich, how abject,  
how august,  
How complicate, how wonderful  
is man !

—*Young.*

**January Nineteenth**

Win her with gifts if she respect  
not words.

Dumb jewels often in their silent  
kind,

More quick than words, do move  
a woman's mind.

—*Shakespeare.*

**January Twentieth**

Keep your eyes wide open before  
marriage; half shut afterwards.—*Poor Richard.*

**January Twenty-first**

O dinna think, my pretty pink,

But I can live without thee;

I vow and swear, I dinna care

How lang ye look about ye.

—*Burns.*

**January Twenty-second**

Courtship to marriage is a very witty prologue to a very dull play.—*Congreve*.

**January Twenty-third**

A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike.

—*Proverbs xxvii, 15.*

**January Twenty-fourth**

Marriage is a very good thing when two people are so poor that they depend upon each other mutually for daily bread, or if they are rich enough to live apart.—*F. Marion Crawford*.

**January Twenty-fifth**

Happiness is the mirage of love.

—*Vada Agnew*.

**January Twenty-sixth**

“Woman is changeable,  
Light as a feather,  
False as fair weather,  
Who can believe her !”

**January Twenty-seventh**

If there's delight in love, 'tis  
when I see  
That heart which others bleed  
for, bleed for me.—*Congreve.*

**January Twenty-eighth**

A story without a hero—  
“Recollections of a Married  
Man.”—*Puck.*

**January Twenty-ninth**

Most women are vain ; some  
men are not.—*Disraeli.*

**January Thirtieth**

In tattered old slippers that toast  
at the bars,  
And ragged old jacket perfumed  
with cigars,  
Away from the world, and its  
toils, and its cares,  
I've a snug little kingdom up  
four pair of stairs.

—*Thackeray.*

**January Thirty-first**

Seek not for favors of women, so  
shall you find it indeed ;  
Does not the boar break cover  
just when you're lighting a  
weed ?—*Kipling.*

**February First**

Edith—The man I marry must  
be bold and fearless.

Ethel—Yes, dear, he must.—  
*Puck.*

**February Second**

He is a fool who thinks by force  
or skill

To turn the current of a woman's  
will. —*Sir Samuel Tuke.*

**February Third**

I hate a dumpy woman!—*Byron.*

**February Fourth**

No churchman am I for to rail  
and to write ;

No statesman nor soldier to plot  
or to fight ;

No sly man of business contriv-  
ing a snare,

For a big-bellied bottle's the  
whole of my care.

—*Burns.*



**February Fifth**

I think it is hardly an argument against a man's natural strength of character that he should be apt to be mastered by love. A fine constitution doesn't ensure one against smallpox, or any other of those inevitable diseases.—*George Eliot.*

**February Sixth**

"What, are you afraid of marriage?" asks Cécile in Maitre Guerin.

"Oh, mon Dieu, non!" replies Arthur. "I should take chloroform."—*R. L. Stevenson.*

**February Seventh**

Young fellows will be young fellows.—*Isaac Bickerstaff.*



**February Eighth**

Girls will be girls — you're very young and flighty in your mind.—*Gilbert.*

**February Ninth**

Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs in Æsop were extremely wise; they had a mind to some water, but they would not leap into a well because they could not get out again.—*John Selden.*

**February Tenth**

Lo, this only have I found,  
that God hath made man upright. \* \* \*

One man among a thousand  
have I found; but a woman  
among all these have I not found.

—*Ecclesiastics vi, 29, 28.*

**February Eleventh**

Sweet is revenge—especially  
to women.—*Byron.*

**February Twelfth**

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

He'd seen his duty, a dead-sure  
thing,  
And went for it there and then ;  
And Christ aint a'goin' to be too  
hard  
On a man that died for men.  
—*John Hay.*

**February Thirteenth**

Ah, the women are quick  
enough—they're quick enough !  
They know the rights of a story  
before they hear it, and can tell  
a man what his thoughts are be-  
fore he knows 'em himself.  
—*George Eliot.*

**February Fourteenth**

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

## LOVE

And what is love? It is a thrill  
That percolates throughout  
your breast  
And sweetly tickles you until  
You're in a state of wild unrest!  
It is an effervescing sense  
Of sparkling rapture ; sort of  
fizz  
Of heavenly nectar so intense  
It makes you drunk with bliss!  
It is  
A sweet phantasmagorian dream  
That comes upon you while  
awake  
And monkeys with you till you  
seem  
With pent-up bliss to fairly  
ache!  
And that is love ; at least that be  
The way it always works on me!  
—*Denver Evening Times.*

**February Fifteenth**

Marriage is a step so grave and decisive that it attracts light-headed, variable men by its very awfulness.

—*R. L. Stevenson.*

**February Sixteenth**

Old maids lead apes there\* where the old bachelors are turned to apes.—*Poor Richard.*

**February Seventeenth**

Men talk of the influence of women, but do women really influence us at all?

—*Richard le Gallienne.*

---

\*In Hell.

**February Eighteenth**

Women are made for our comfort and delectation, gentlemen, with all the rest of the minor animals.—*Thackeray*.

**February Nineteenth**

It's the silliest lie a sensible man like you ever believed, to say a woman makes a house comfortable.—*George Eliot*.

**February Twentieth**

I takes my pipe, I takes my pot ;  
And drunk I'm never seen to  
be ;

I'm no teetotaler, or sot,  
And as I am I mean to be.

—*Gilbert*.

**February Twenty-first**

Matrimony is like an overwhelming dose of brandy and water; it is a misfortune into which a man easily falls, and from which he finds it remarkably difficult to extricate himself.

—*Dickens*.

**February Twenty-second**

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

First among the women, an' amazin first in war.—*Kipling*.

**February Twenty-third**

The billows on the ocean,  
The breezes idly roaming,  
The clouds' uncertain motion,  
They are but types of women.

—*Burns*.

**February Twenty-fourth**

Marriage is a field of battle,  
and not a bed of roses.

—*Stevenson.*

**February Twenty-fifth**

It is better to dwell in the corner  
of the housetop than with a  
brawling woman in a wide house.

—*Proverbs xxi, 9.*

**February Twenty-sixth**

A man may drink, and no be  
drunk ;

A man may fight, and no be  
slain ;

A man may kiss a bonnie lass,  
And aye be welcome back again.

—*Burns.*

**February Twenty-seventh**

My love and I for kisses played ;  
She would keep stakes, I was  
content ;  
But when I won she would be  
paid.

This made me ask her what  
she meant ;  
Quoth she, " Since you are in  
this wrangling vein,  
Here, take your kisses, give me  
mine again."

—*Poor Richard.*

**February Twenty-eighth**

If you can find anything in the  
world as dismal and depressing  
as a woman,—outside of a sister-  
hood — who devotes herself,  
through conviction to a single  
life—they're bad enough, and  
vexatious enough married ; but  
as old maids——!

—*Mrs. Burton Harrison.*



## LEAP YEAR

**February Twenty-ninth**

Lasses gae to him  
And kiss him, and woo him.

—*Burns.*

—he, although a bashful man, and  
all his courage seemed to fail,  
Finding excuse of no avail,  
Yielded. —*Longfellow.*

**March First**

Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks.

—*Stevenson.*

**March Second.**

Women admire the brave, but they prefer the audacious.

—*Edgar Saltus.*

**March Third**

All my friends who have embraced Popery have done better than those who have embraced wives.—*Houghton.*

**March Fourth**

There's a youth in this city, an'  
it were a great pity  
That he from our lasses should  
wander awa ;  
For he's bonnie and braw, weel  
favored with a',  
An' his hair has a natural buckle  
an' a'. —*Burns.*

**March Fifth**

If you want to be on good  
terms with women, knock at  
the door of their vanity, and you  
will always find them at home.  
—*Max O'Rell.*

**March Sixth**

Three things a wise man will  
not trust—  
The wind, the sunshine of an  
April day,  
And woman's plighted faith.  
—*Southey.*

**March Seventh**

When a man has seen the woman whom he would have chosen if he intended to marry speedily, his remaining a bachelor will usually depend on her resolution rather than his.

—*George Eliot.*

**March Eighth**

Get you home and do not stand disputing with me, for you know I am a Salamancan Bachelor of Arts, and there is no bachelorizing beyond that.

—*Cervantes.*

**March Ninth**

Woman, Man, or God or Devil,  
was there anything we feared?

—*Kipling.*

---

**March Tenth**

When I said I would die a  
bachelor, I did not think I should  
live till I were married.

—*Shakespeare.*

**March Eleventh**

Heaven has no rage like love to  
hatred turned,  
Nor Hell a fury like a woman  
scorned.

—*Congreve.*

**March Twelfth**

Such power hath beer. The  
heart where  
Grief hath cankered  
Hath one unfailing remedy—the  
tankard.

—*Saxe.*

**March Thirteenth**

And maiden showed me grace,  
Four and forty times would I  
Sing the Lover's Litany,  
"Love like ours can never die"! —*Kipling*.

**March Fourteenth**

Their tricks an' craft hae put  
me daft,  
They've ta'en me in, an' a'  
that;  
But clear your decks, an' here's  
"The Sex,"  
I like the jades for a' that.  
—*Burns*.

**March Fifteenth**

If thou wilt needs marry, marry  
a fool.—*Shakespeare*.

**March Sixteenth**

Most women have no characters at all.—*Pope*.

**March Seventeenth**

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

There was a row in Silver street  
—they sent the polis there—  
The Irish were too drunk to  
know, the English didn't care ;  
But when they grew impertinent  
we simultaneous rose,  
'Till half o' thim was Liffey mud,  
an' half was tattered clo'es.  
—*Kipling*.

**March Eighteenth**

Words are women, deeds are men.—*Bodley*.

**March Nineteenth****THE BACHELOR**

Who collars all my scanty pay,  
And with my little plans makes  
hay?  
Who says Mamma has come to  
stay.

Who takes away my easy chair  
Because "it has no business  
there,"  
And only says she doesn't care?

Who says she hasn't got a gown,  
And wants to put the horses  
down,  
And thinks we'd better live in  
town?

Who commandeers my only hack,  
Returns him with a bad sore  
back,  
And says the little beast is slack?



Who thinks that I must ride a  
bike,  
And makes me do what I don't  
like,  
And tells me if I don't she'll  
strike?

And when I'm feeling sad and  
low  
Who sympathizes with my woe  
And softly breathes, "I told you  
so!"

NO ONE!

—*London Punch.*

**March Twentieth**

"It is very curious about women," he broke forth after a long meditative pause. "In spite of all my pondering on the subject, I never could quite understand the secret of their fascination. Their goodness—if they are good—is usually of the quality of oatmeal—and when they are bad"— "They are horrid," I quoted promptly. "Amen," he added, with a contented chuckle.—*Boyeson.*

**March Twenty-first**

It's love that makes the world  
go round, but it's marriage keeps  
most of the inhabitants hustling.

—*Puck.*

**March Twenty-second**

O, I know the way o' wives ;  
they set one on to abuse their  
husbands, and then turn round  
and praise 'em, as if they wanted  
to sell 'em.—*George Eliot.*

**March Twenty-third**

The instances that second mar-  
riage move  
Are base respects of thrift and  
not of love. —*Shakespeare.*

**March Twenty-fourth**

(Quoted from the letter of a married lawyer to my bachelor brother.)

“The latest information in my family is that the parson has gone and engaged himself to be married, which seems a source of unmitigated delight to him. I am not at all anxious to have my children marry, and while I have met the young lady, and like her, I would rather have the parson remain single, which would have given him a better opportunity to work out his own salvation; but ministers, as you know, have a sort of pious selfishness, and consider themselves pretty often even as much as lawyers do. They are bound to have their own way, and are coddled by old women until they are spoiled.

“Well, Arthur is an honest fellow, and means all right, and may like matrimony.

“Philosophers like yourself are either too sane or too insane to marry. I cannot make out just which is the wise one, he that does or he that doesn’t, and I don’t know that it makes much difference whether I can or not.

“With love to ‘The Old Maid.’

“Faithfully your friend,  
“\_\_\_\_\_.”

**March Twenty-fifth**

Man and the horse-radish are most biting when grated.

—*Richter.*

**March Twenty-sixth**

Marion's married; but I sit here alone, and merry at forty years, dipping my nose in the Gason wine.—*Thackeray*.

**March Twenty-seventh**

Thus grief still threads upon the heels of pleasure;  
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure. —*Congreve*.

**March Twenty-eighth**

Wedlock, as old men note, hath  
likened been  
Unto a public ball or common  
rout,  
Where those that are without  
would fain get in,  
And those that are within would  
fain get out.  
Grief often treads upon the heels  
of pleasure.  
Married in haste, we oft repent  
at leisure ;  
Some by experience find these  
words misplaced,  
Married at leisure, they repent  
in haste.

—*Poor Richard.*

**March Twenty-ninth**

Men have deeper minds than  
women, sure !—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

**March Thirtieth****THREE GOOD REASONS**

A Scottish minister who was indefatigable in looking up his folk one day called upon a parishioner. "Richard," he said, "I hae na seen ye at the kirk for some time, and wad like to know the reason." "Weel, sir," answered Richard, "I hae three decided objections to goin'. Firstly, I dinna believe in being whaur ye does a' the talkin'; secondly, I dinna believe in si' muckle singin', an', thirdly, an' in conclusion, 'twas there I got my wife."—*Albany Argus*.

**March Thirty-first**

"You can't buy happiness," remarked the bachelor.

"Tut, tut!" said the married man. "What's the matter with spring bonnets?"

—*Philadelphia Record*.



**April First**

“In all this foolish world, no creature is so unmitigated a fool as man—excepting always woman.”

**April Second**

No wise man ever married, but for a fool it is the most ambrosial of all possible future states.—*Byron.*

**April Third**

So true a fool is love, that in  
your will,  
Though you do anything, he  
thinks no ill.

—*Shakespeare.*

**April Fourth**

“Men think women to be angels. It is not so. Woman dwells in the cask of her own opinion, and looks out through the bung-hole of one idea.”

**April Fifth**

Think of an angel with the influenza, and nothing but a cloud for a handkerchief.—*Holmes.*

**April Sixth**

Let the toast pass ;  
Drink to the lass ;  
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.  
—*Sheridan.*

**April Seventh**

If the rascal hath not given me medicines to make me love him  
I'll be hanged !—*Shakespeare.*

**April Eighth**

When a woman looks younger  
than she is, she generally acts  
younger than she looks.—*Puck*.

**April Ninth**

My sickly spouse, with many a  
sigh,  
Once told me, “Dickey, I shall  
die.”

I grieved, but recollected strait,  
'Twas bootless to contend with  
fate ;

So resignation to Heav'ns will  
Prepared me for succeeding ill ;  
T'was well it did ; for on my life  
T'was Heav'ns will to spare my  
wife. —*Poor Richard*.

**April Tenth**

What courage can withstand  
the ever-during and all-besetting  
terrors of a woman's tongue?

—*Irving*.

**April Eleventh**

Before going to war say a prayer ; before going to sea say two prayers ; before marrying say three prayers.—*Proverb*.

**April Twelfth**

Lager, der girls, und der dollars—dey makes or dey breaks a man.—*Kipling*.

**April Thirteenth**

Death itself, to the reflecting mind, is less serious than marriage.—*Landor*.

**April Fourteenth**

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Waiter (mysteriously)—Send  
for a detective, quick !

Head Waiter—What's up?

Waiter—See that woman over  
there? She's a man in disguise.

Head Waiter—Phew ! How  
d'ye know?

Waiter—She ordered a reg'lar  
square meal, an' gave me a tip.

—*New York Weekly.*

**April Fifteenth**

Did man ere live,  
Saw priestor woman yet forgive?

—*Lowell.*

**April Sixteenth**

—So when the heart is vexed  
The pain of one maiden's refusal  
is drowned in the pain of the  
next.

—*Kipling.*

**April Seventeenth**

I'm a great liar often, myself,  
especially when I'm praying.

—*Kingsley.*

**April Eighteenth**

“Thou dost look the very  
Priest of Hymen!”

In short, I may be called so,  
for I deal in repentance and mor-  
tification.—*Sheridan.*

**April Nineteenth**

There is probably no other act  
of a man's life so hot-headed  
and fool-hardy as this one of  
marriage.—*Stevenson.*

**April Twentieth**

For Man is fire and woman is  
tow,  
And the Somebody comes and  
begins to blow.

—*Longfellow.*

**April Twenty-first**

After forty, men have married their habits, and wives are only an item in the list, and not the most important.

—*George Meredith.*

**April Twenty-second**

I dare say she is like the rest of the women—thinks two, and two'll come to make five, if she cries and bothers enough about it.—*George Eliot.*

**April Twenty-third**

A second marriage is the triumph of hope over experience.

—*Dr. Johnson.*

**April Twenty-fourth**

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—*Confucious.*

**April Twenty-fifth**

Deal not roughly with him who is tempted, but give him comfort, as thou wouldst wish to be done to thyself.

—*Thomas à Kempis.*

**April Twenty-sixth**

Men are April when they woo,  
December when they wed.

—*Shakespeare.*

**April Twenty-seventh**

"Are you married?" "God forbid!"—*F. Marion Crawford.*



**April Twenty-eighth**

O what a miracle to man is  
man.— *Young*.

**April Twenty-ninth**

If marriage licenses were sold  
with a return coupon ticket at-  
tached, and there were a stop-  
over station anywhere in the  
early stages of the journey, few  
would make the through trip.

—*Dorothy Dix*.

**April Thirtieth**

No more want of marriage bell,  
No more need of bridal favor.

—*B. W. Proctor*

**May First**

"Rum creeturs are women," said the dirty-faced man, after a pause.

"Ah ! no mistake about that," said a very red-faced man behind a cigar.—*Dickens*.

**May Second**

If you would make a good pair of shoes, take for the sole the tongue of a woman ; it never wears out.—*Alsatian Proverb*.

**May Third**

Idleness, which is often becoming, and even wise in a bachelor, begins to wear a different aspect when you have a wife to support.—*Stevenson*.

**May Fourth**

“They are fools who kiss and  
tell,” wisely hath the poet  
sung,  
Man may hold all sorts of posts,  
if he'll only hold his tongue.  
—*Kipling*.

**May Fifth**

Even a fool when he holdeth  
his peace is counted wise.  
—*Proverbs xvii, 28*.

**May Sixth**

I wish some girls that I could  
name  
Were half as silent as their  
pictures. —*Praed*.

**May Seventh**

“When I think how much better off she is with seven dollars a week for my board than she would be taking me as a husband for nothing——”

“Oh, pshaw, Major, pshaw!” interrupted Captain Pharo, with deep returning gloom; “seven dollars a week ain’t nothin’ to the pleasure she’d take arter once she got spliced onto ye, in houndin’ on ye, an’ pesterin’ ye, an’ swipin’ the ’arth with ye.

—*Sarah P. McL. Greene.*

**May Eighth**

Shall I woo the one or other?  
Both attract me—more's the  
pity ;  
Pretty is the widowed mother,  
And the daughter, too, is  
pretty.

When I see that maiden shrink-  
ing,  
By the gods, I swear I'll get 'er!  
But anon I fall to thinking  
That the mother'll suit me  
better.

So like any idiot ass,  
Hungry for the fragrant fodder,  
Placed between two bales of  
grass,  
Lo, I doubt, delay, and dodder!  
—*Eugene Field.*

**May Ninth**

That man that hath a tongue I  
say is no man,  
If with that tongue he cannot  
win a woman.

—*Shakespeare.*

**May Tenth**

## EPITAPH ON A TALKATIVE OLD MAID

Beneath this silent stone is laid  
A noisy, antiquated maid,  
Who from her cradle talked till  
death,  
And ne'er before was out of  
breath.  
Whither she's gone we cannot  
tell;  
For if she talks not, she's in ——.   
If she's in heaven, she's there  
unblest,  
Because she hates a place of rest.

—*Poor Richard.*

**May Eleventh**

Many a woman has cut her  
own throat with her tongue.

—*Dorothy Dix.*

**May Twelfth**

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor  
we aren't no blackguards, too,  
But single men in barracks, most  
remarkable, like you ;

An' if some times our conduct  
isn't all your fancy paints,  
Why, single men in barracks  
don't grow into plaster saints.

—*Kipling.*

**May Thirteenth**

'Tis woman that seduces all  
mankind ;

By her we first were taught the  
wheedling arts.

—*John Gay.*

**May Fourteenth**

Pa, what is a harem?

Well, sonny, it's a sort of department fireside.

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

**May Fifteenth**

Can I again that look recall

That once could make me die  
for thee?

No, no ! the eye that beams on all  
Shall never more be prized by  
me.

—*Moore.*

**May Sixteenth**

Would you teach her to love?

For a time seem to rove,

At first she may frown in a pet ;

But leave her awhile,

She shortly will smile,

And then you may win your  
coquette.

—*Byron.*



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**May Seventeenth**

Ah, boys, be careful how you act;  
Think well what marriage  
brings ;  
She's fancy now, then she'll be  
fact—  
And facts are stubborn things.  
—G. B.

**May Eighteenth**

It is good for a man to be  
brought once, at least, in his life,  
face to face with *fact*, ultimate  
fact, however horrible it may be,  
and to have to confess to himself,  
shuddering, what things are  
possible on God's earth, when  
man has forgotten that his only  
welfare is in living after the like-  
ness of God.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

**May Nineteenth**

What they do in heaven we are ignorant of; what they do not, we are told expressly: they neither marry nor are given in marriage. —*Swift*.

**May Twentieth**

For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels which are in heaven.—*St. Matt. xxii, 30. St. Mark xii, 25. St. Luke xx, 34-36.*

**May Twenty-first**

The fact that there is no marrying in Heaven goes still further to prove, perhaps, that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."—*Puck*.

**May Twenty-second**

Gladys—Auntie, when does a women commence to grow old?

Aunt Broadhead—Just as soon as she begins to understand why it is her husband does not seem to pity his old bachelor friends.

—*Puck.*

**May Twenty-third**

“To be without a wife \* \* \* would be about as conducive to happiness as to be dead. Negative happiness, very negative.”

“Negative happiness is better than positive discomfort.”

—*F. Marion Crawford.*

**May Twenty-fourth**

Love not ; the thing you love may  
change ;

The rosy lip may cease to  
smile on you ;

The kindly-beaming eye grow  
cold, and strange,

The heart still warmly beat,  
yet not be true.

LOVE NOT.

—*Caroline Norton.*

**May Twenty-fifth**

'Tis melancholy, and a fearful  
sign

Of human frailty, folly, also  
crime,

That love and marriage rarely  
can combine,

Although they both are born in  
the same clime ;

Marriage from love, like vinegar  
from wine—

A sad, sour, sober beverage.

—*Byron.*

**May Twenty-sixth**

Phoebe—Good shepherd, tell  
this youth what 'tis to love.

\* \* \* \* \*

Silvius—It is to be all made of  
fantasy, all made of passion, and  
all made of wishes; all adoration,  
duty, and observance; all hum-  
bleness, all patience and im-  
patience; all purity, all trial, all  
observance, and so am I for  
Phoebe.

Rosalind—And so am I for no  
woman. —*Shakespeare.*

**May Twenty-seventh**

Ho! pretty page, of the dimpled  
chin,

All your wish is woman to win;  
This is the way that boys begin.  
Wait till you come to forty year.

—*Thackeray.*

**May Twenty-eighth**

Though I own that my heart has  
been ranging,  
Of nature the laws I obey,  
For nature is constantly changing.  
—*Gilbert.*

**May Twenty-ninth**

It is better to dwell in the wil-  
derness than with a contentious  
and angry woman.  
—*Proverbs xxi, 19.*

**May Thirtieth**

## DECORATION DAY

By life that ebbed with none to  
stanch the failing  
By Love's sad harvest garnered  
in the spring,  
When Love in ignorance wept  
unavailing  
O'er young buds dead before  
their blossoming ;—  
By all the gray owl watched, the  
pale moon viewed,  
In past grim years, declare our  
gratitude ! —*Kipling.*

**May Thirty-first**

Love—a Highland plaid—  
All stuff ; and very often full of  
crosses. —*Praed.*

**June First**

Confound that girl ! all my cigars  
She's spilled upon the shelf,  
And mixed up those I give my  
friends  
With those I smoke myself.

—*James G. Burnett.*

**June Second**

There's nothing you can't be-  
lieve o' them wenches ! They'll  
set the empty kettle on the fire,  
and then come an hour after to  
see if the water boils.

—*George Eliot.*

**June Third**

“Most of man's troubles are  
caused by woman.”

**June Fourth**

Family man yourself, sir ?  
Well, you know what women  
be's.

—*Bret Harte.*



**June Fifth**

When man and woman die, as  
poets sung,  
His heart's the last part moves ;  
her last, the tongue.  
—*Poor Richard.*

**June Sixth**

Marriage is so unlike every-  
thing else. There is something  
even awful in the nearness it  
brings. —*George Eliot.*

**June Seventh**

I don't know how he came to  
be a medikil man. He told me  
onct that when he found out  
that he wuzn't good for anythink  
he concluded he'd be a doctor.  
—*Eugene Field.*

**June Eighth**

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune ; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. —*Bacon.*

**June Ninth**

The past was bad, and the future hid, its good or ill untried, O ;  
But the present hour was in my power, and so I would enjoy it, O. —*Burns.*

**June Tenth**

“What’s the charge in this case?” asked the judge.

“That’s just what I’m waitin’ to find out, yer Honor,” replied the prisoner. “I had the satisfaction av hittin’ that woman, who’s been the plague of my life these ten years, under the name of wife, and I’m willing to pay any charge in reason.”

**June Eleventh**

There is scarcely a lawsuit unless a woman is the cause of it.—*Juvenal*.

**June Twelfth**

A man must be tolerably weak who submits to petticoat government and allows himself to be henpecked.—*Ednah Robinson*.

**June Thirteenth**

Of all the actions of a man's life his marriage doth least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life it is most meddled with by other people.  
—*Selden*.

**June Fourteenth**

Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.—*Job. v, 7*.

**June Fifteenth**

“Do you think bachelors ought to be taxed?” asked Willie Washington.

“No,” answered Miss Cayenne. “I think the girls ought to make up purses and pay them bounties for not making homes unhappy.”—*Washington Star*.

**June Sixteenth**

She speaks poinards, and every word stabs.—*Shakespeare*.

**June Seventeenth**

Why should women have a  
tongue,  
Or why should it be cursed!  
—*Praed*.

**June Eighteenth**

She loves him ;  
She amuses him ;  
She compromises him ;  
She angers him ;  
She forgives him ;  
She annoys him ;  
She reproaches him ;  
She vexes him ;  
She implores him ;  
She bores him ;  
She accuses him ;  
She loses him.

—*Town Topics.*

**June Nineteenth**

“ Drink to fair woman, who, I  
think,  
Is most entitled to it ;  
For if anything drives men to  
drink  
She certainly can do it.”

**June Twentieth**

"My dear, what makes you  
always yawn?"

The wife exclaimed, her temper  
gone ;

"Is home so dull and dreary?"

"Not so, my love," he said,

"not so ;"

"But man and wife are *one* you  
know ;

And when *alone* I'm weary."

—*Mark Lemon.*

**June Twenty-first**

If ladies be but young and fair,  
They have the gift to know it.

—*Shakespeare.*

**June Twenty-second**

It is very beautiful to be in  
love, but it is a great relief to be  
out of it.—*R. W. St. Hill.*

**June Twenty-third**

If the Lord should appear on  
earth all the women would feel  
that they must introduce their  
husbands to Him.

—*Atchison Globe.*

**June Twenty-fourth**

O, why the deuce should I repine  
And be an ill foreboder?  
I'm twenty-three and five foot  
nine,  
I'll go and be a sodjer.

—*Kipling.*

**June Twenty-fifth**

“Boys, the frog's a lucky fellow;  
he  
Don't have to waste his wages  
for his beer;  
The drink he likes, he swims in,  
don't you see !”

**June Twenty-sixth**

“Here’s to Woman, the source  
of all our bliss ;  
There’s a foretaste of Heaven in  
her kiss ;  
But from the Queen upon her  
throne, to the maiden in the  
dairy,  
They are all alike, in one respect  
—‘contrary.’”

**June Twenty-seventh**

Have you not heard it said full  
oft,  
A woman’s nay doth stand for  
naught?

—*Shakespeare.*

**June Twenty-eighth**

A parrot is for prating prized,  
But prattling women are despised.  
—*Poor Richard.*



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**June Twenty-ninth**

There is not a lady in all our  
Isle,  
I have heard a poet say,  
Who can listen more than a little  
while,  
To a poet's sweetest lay.  
—*Praed.*

**June Thirtieth**

The Cynic—Ah ! poor man !  
He's gone over to the silent ma-  
jority !  
Jones—Dead ?  
Cynic—No ; married.

**July First**

He (Thales) was reputed one  
of the wise men that made  
answer to the question when a  
man should marry; a young  
man not yet, an elder man not  
at all.—*Bacon.*

**July Second**

Oh! how many torments lie  
In the small circle of a wedding  
ring. —*Colley Cibber.*

**July Third**

Old King Cole  
Was a jolly old soul,  
And a jolly old soul was he,  
And why was he merry?  
'Tis evident, very,  
Because there was no Mrs. C.  
—*Puck.*

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**July Fourth**

What in me is dark,  
Illumine ! —*Milton.*

**July Fifth**

Times are changed with him  
who marries ; there are no more  
by-path meadows, wherein you  
may innocently linger, but the  
road lies long and straight and  
dusty to the grave.—*Stevenson.*

**July Sixth**

“ There is only one thing that  
irritateth a Woman more than a  
Man who doth not understand  
her, and that is the Man who  
doth.”

**July Seventh**

They that marry ancient people  
merely to bury them hang them-  
selves in the hope that someone  
will come and cut them down.

—*Thomas Fuller.*

**July Eighth**

Wives be such a provokin'  
class of society, for though they  
be never right, they be never  
more than half wrong.

—*Thomas Hardy.*

**July Ninth**

Man's going's are of the Lord.

—*Proverbs xx, 24.*

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**July Tenth**

Here's a bottle and an honest  
friend,

What ye wish for mair, man?  
Wha kens before his life may end,  
What his share may be o'  
care, men? —*Burns.*

**July Eleventh**

I commended mirth because a  
man hath no better thing under  
the sun than to eat and to drink  
and to be merry.

—*Ecclesiastics viii, 15.*

**July Twelfth**

"I know not," said the princess, "whether marriage be more than one of the innumerable modes of human misery."

—*Dr. Johnson.*

**July Thirteenth**

I have beheld  
The weathercock upon the  
steeple point,  
Steady from morn till eve, and I  
have seen  
The bees go forth upon an April  
morn,  
Secure the sunshine will not end  
in showers ;  
But when was woman true?  
—*Southey.*

**July Fourteenth**

Since the days of Troy, or of  
Lilith, men have delighted in  
calling women weather-cocks.  
—*William Sharp.*

**July Fifteenth**

“ He who marries a wife and  
he who goes to the war must  
necessarily take the conse-  
quences.”

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**July Sixteenth**

I cannot eat but little meat,  
My stomach is not good ;  
But sure, I think, that I can drink  
With him that wears a hood.  
—*Bishop Still (John).*

**July Seventeenth**

The gloom of my bachelor days  
is flecked with the cheery light  
Of stumps that I burned to friend-  
ship, and pleasure, and work,  
and fight. —*Kipling.*

**July Eighteenth**

Women have, in general, but one object, which is their beauty; upon which scarce any flattery is too gross for them. Nature has hardly formed a woman ugly enough to be insensible to flattery upon her person; if her face is so shocking that she must in some degree be conscious of it, her figure and her air, she trusts, make ample amends for it. If her figure is deformed, her face, she thinks, counterbalances it. If they are both bad, she comforts herself that she has graces; a certain manner, a *je ne sais quoi*, still more engaging than beauty.—*Chesterfield*.



**July Nineteenth**

'Tis not her air, for sure in that  
There's nothing more than  
common,  
And all her sense is only chat,  
Like any other woman.  
—*Whitehead.*

**July Twentieth**

"But how to know beauty in  
woman, when one sees it, that  
is the question," said a disap-  
pointed bachelor friend the other  
day.—*William Sharp.*

**July Twenty-first**

More joy it gives to woman's  
breast  
To make ten frigid coxcombs  
vain,  
Than one true manly lover blest.  
—*Moore.*

**July Twenty-second**

If a girl wants you, she will  
wait for you. If she won't wait,  
she isn't worth working for.

—*Lavinia Hart.*

**July Twenty-third**

Make 'im take 'er, an' keep  
'er; that's Hell for 'em both.

—*Kipling.*

**July Twenty-fourth**

I like to lie down in the sun  
And dreme when my fatures  
is scorchin',  
That when I'm too old for more  
fun,

I'll marry a wife wid a fortune.

—*Charles Lever.*

**July Twenty-fifth**

What a strange thing is man!  
and what a stranger

Is woman. —*Byron.*

**July Twenty-sixth**

Down on your knees,  
And thank Heaven fasting, for a  
good man's love.

—*Shakespeare.*

**July Twenty-seventh**

The Devil hath not in all his  
quivers choice  
An arrow for the heart like a  
sweet voice. —*Byron.*

**July Twenty-eighth**

Did you ever hear of a Captain  
Wattle?  
He was all for love, and a little  
for the bottle.

—*Charles Dibden.*

**July Twenty-ninth**

\* \* \* Women, you'll observe,  
Don't suffer for a cause, but for  
a man. —*George Meredith.*

**July Thirtieth**

You shall see that wealth and women are deceitful just the same.—*Bret Harte.*

**July Thirty-first**

In matrimony, love is only *hors d'oeuvre*; friendship is the *piece de résistance*.

—*Max O'Rell.*

**August First**

Show me on earth a thing so  
rare

I'll own all miracles are true ;  
To make one maid sincere and  
fair ;

Oh ! 'tis the utmost Heaven  
can do. —*Moore.*

**August Second**

Man's love is of man's life a  
thing apart ;

'Tis woman's whole existence.  
—*Byron.*

**August Third**

Alas ! for love, if thou art all.

—*Felicia Hemans.*

**August Fourth**

Woman is but world's gear,  
Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

—*Burns.*

**August Fifth**

In wedlock a species of lottery  
lies,  
Where in blanks and in prizes  
they deal. —*Moore.*

**August Sixth**

I hev allus hed a good opinion  
uv women folks. I don't look at  
'em ez some people do ; uv course  
they're a necessity.  
—*Eugene Field.*

**August Seventh**

When we are born our mothers  
will take care of us, and when  
we die our Father will take care  
of us. But when we marry we  
must take care of ourselves and  
another besides.—*Lavinia Hart.*

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**August Eighth**

Ye know what women folks is when there's any play-actin' 'round. They're just like sheep next to a turnip patch.

—*Sarah P. McL. Greene.*

**August Ninth**

Poor Mountford Wilts boasted of knowing women, and he married. To jump into the mouth of an enigma is not to read it.

—*George Meredith.*

**August Tenth**

A maiden's heart is as champagne, ever aspiring, and struggling upwards,  
And it needeth that its motions  
be checked by the silvered  
cork of Propriety ;  
He that can afford the price, his  
be the precious treasure ;  
Let him drink deeply of its  
sweetness, nor grumble if it  
tasteth of the cork.

—*C. S. Calverly.*

**August Eleventh**

What is a first love worth, except  
To prepare for a second ?  
What does the second love bring?  
Only regret for the first.

—*John Hay.*



**August Twelfth**

Mrs. Pepperday—My first husband had a great deal more sense than you have.

Mr. Pepperday—True enough; he died.—*Harper's Magazine.*

**August Thirteenth**

What mighty ills have not been done by woman?

Who was't betrayed the Capitol?  
A woman.

Who lost Mark Anthony the world? A woman.

Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,

And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman,

Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman. —*Thomas Otway.*

**August Fourteenth**

Love burns as long as a lucifer match. Wedlock's the candle.

—*George Meredith.*

**August Fifteenth**

Plain women he regarded as  
he did the other seven facts of  
life, to be faced with philosophy  
and investigated by science.

—*George Eliot.*

**August Sixteenth**

Pleasant the snaffle of courtship;  
improving the manners and  
carriage;  
But the colt who is wise will  
abstain from the terrible thorn-  
bit of marriage. —*Kipling.*

**August Seventeenth**

Wedding rings worse are than  
manacled wrists,  
Such is the creed of the Posi-  
tivists. —*Gilbert.*

**August Eighteenth**

Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless—nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter.  
—*George Eliot.*

**August Nineteenth**

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.—*Swift.*

**August Twentieth**

A man is only half a man without his pipe.—*Jokai.*

**August Twenty-first**

Man is the nobler growth our  
realms supply,  
And souls are ripened in our  
northern sky.

—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

**August Twenty-second**

I tell you there isn't a thing  
under the sun that needs to be  
done at all but what a man can  
do better than a woman.

—*George Eliot.*

**August Twenty-third**

If ever you feel disposed,  
Samivel, to go a' marryin' any-  
body—no matter who—just you  
shut yourself up in your own  
room, if you've got one, and  
poison yourself off-hand.

—*Dickens.*

**August Twenty-fourth**

The love of books, the love of  
books,

It passeth love of maids ;  
It doth not fade with fading looks,  
Like love of them—the jades !  
—*W. D. Elwanger.*

**August Twenty-fifth**

Never thread was spun so fine,  
Never spider stretched the line,  
Would not hold the lovers true  
That would really swing for you.  
—*Holmes.*

**August Twenty-sixth**

Marriage, indeed, may qualify  
the fury of his passions, but it  
very rarely mends his manners.  
—*Congreve.*

**August Twenty-seventh**

If it be true that love is blind,  
On this you may rely, men,  
There's no eye-opener, you'll  
find,  
Can cause a cure like Hymen.  
—*Dorothy Dorr.*

**August Twenty-eighth**

When I marry a flirt I will buy  
second-hand clothing of the Jews.  
—*Ike Marvel.*

**August Twenty-ninth**

A proper man, as one shall see  
in a summer's day.  
—*Shakespeare.*

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**August Thirtieth**

Men, when dying, make their  
wills, but wives  
Escape a work so sad ;  
Why should they make what all  
their lives  
The gentle dames have had?  
—*Saxe.*

**August Thirty-first**

It is very pleasant to see some  
men turn round,—pleasant as a  
sudden rush of warm air in winter,  
or the flash of firelight in the  
chill dark.—*George Eliot.*

**September First**

That hackney'n judge of human  
life,  
The Preacher and the King,  
Observes : " The man that gets  
a wife  
He gets a noble thing."  
But how capricious are mankind,  
Now loathing, now desirous !  
We married men, how oft we  
find  
The best of things will tire us !  
—*Burns.*

**September Second**

Once you are married there is  
nothing left for you, not even  
suicide, but to be good.  
—*Stevenson.*

**September Third**

Women, plain or fair, do not  
readily forgive.  
—*William Sharp.*



**September Fourth**

Ne'er take a wife till thou hast  
a house (and a fire) to put her in.

—*Poor Richard.*

**September Fifth**

“ She sifted the meal, she gimme  
the huss ;  
She baked the bread, she gimme  
the crus' ;  
She biled the meat, she gimme  
the bone ;  
She gimme a kick and sent me  
home.”

**September Sixth**

—it's an impious, unscriptural  
opinion to say a woman's a  
blessing to a man now.

—*George Eliot.*

**September Seventh**

“May I print a kiss on your  
cheek?” I said ;  
She nodded her sweet permission,  
So we went to press, and I  
rather guess  
I printed a large edition.

—*Puck.*

**September Eighth**

The Mud is in the Street. The  
Lady has on a pair of Red Stock-  
ings. She is trying to Cross the  
Street. Let us all give Three  
Cheers for the Mud.

—*Eugene Field.*

**September Ninth**

They say best men are mould-  
ed out of faults.

—*Shakespeare.*

**September Tenth**

Now, if you must marry, take  
care she is old ;  
A troop-sergeant's widow's the  
nicest, I'm told ;  
For beauty won't help if your  
rations is cold,  
Nor love ain't enough for a  
soldier. —*Kipling.*

**September Eleventh**

“Papa, what is a king?” “A  
king, my child, is a person whose  
authority is practically unlimited,  
whose word is law, and whom  
everybody must obey.” “Papa,  
is mamma a king?”  
—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

**September Twelfth**

Love seldom haunts the breast  
where learning lies.—*Pope.*

**September Thirteenth**

The gout is a disease as arises from too much ease and comfort. If ever you're attacked with the gout, sir, just you marry a widow as has got a good, loud voice, with a decent notion of usin' it, and you'll never have the gout again. It's a capital prescription, sir; I takes it reg'lar, sir, and I can warrant it to drive away any illness as is caused by too much jollity.

—*Dickens.*

**September Fourteenth**

Paint that figure's pliant grace,  
As she toward me leaned her  
face,  
Half refused and half resigned,  
Murmuring, "Art thou still un-  
kind"?

Many a broken promise then  
Was new made—to break again.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

**September Fifteenth**

I hate a match. I feel sure  
that brimstone matches were  
never made in heaven ; and it is  
sad to think that with few ex-  
ceptions matches are all of them  
tipped with brimstone.

—*Ike Marvel.*

**September Sixteenth**

The temper of chums, the love  
of your wife, and a new piano's  
tune—

Which of the three will you trust  
at the end of an Indian June?

—*Kipling.*

**September Seventeenth**

There are some women who  
will be perfectly wretched in  
heaven if they are not permitted  
to make fools of the angels.

—*R. W. St. Hill.*

**September Eighteenth**

Let not the heavens hear these  
tell-tale women  
Rail on the Lord's annointed !  
— *Shakespeare.*

**September Nineteenth**

We've got to take the bitters  
with the sweets ; but unless they  
are very carefully compounded  
with other choice ingredients,  
they make a mighty poor cock-  
tail.—*Puck.*

**September Twentieth**

Marriage, which is the bourne  
of so many narratives, is still a  
great beginning, as it was to  
Adam and Eve, who kept their  
honeymoon in Eden, but had  
their first little one among the  
thorns and thistles of the wilder-  
ness.—*George Eliot.*

**September Twenty-first**

Coquetry whets the appetite ;  
flirtation depraves it.

—*Ike Marvel.*

**September Twenty-second**

I consulted him of marriage ;  
he tells me of hanging as if they  
went by one and the same des-  
tiny.—*Ben Jonson.*

**September Twenty-third**

If ye gie a woman a' her will,  
Gude faith ! she'll soon o'er gang  
ye.

—*Burns.*

**September Twenty-fourth**

Women are books, and men the  
readers be,  
Who sometimes in those books  
erratas see.

—*Poor Richard.*

**September Twenty-fifth**

Love grows irksome and wine  
grows bitter,  
Two are parted from what was  
one ;  
All things must end that have  
begun. —*John Payne.*

**September Twenty-sixth**

Ay ; marriage is the life-long  
miracle !—*Charles Kingsley.*

**September Twenty-seventh**

I am not a woman-hater. I  
do not regret the acquaintances  
—nay, the friendships—I have  
formed with individuals of the  
other sex.—*Eugene Field.*

**September Twenty-eighth**

The life of an intelligent  
bachelor is very well worth liv-  
ing.—*Max O'Rell.*



**September Twenty-ninth**

Woman has always managed  
to make man provide for her ;

\* \* \* \* \*

under the pretext of giving him  
the upper hand, she has left him  
all the anxiety and responsibility.

—*John Davidson.*

**September Thirtieth**

Lady (to departing servant)—  
“What shall I say in your refer-  
ence ?”

Servant—“Just that I stood  
it for six months with you, mum  
—that’ll do for me.”

—*Tid-Bits.*

**October First**

I'd rather be married in October than any other time of the year, if I've got to be. It's kind of melancholy then, and one sees everything goin' to pieces, and don't mind what one does.

—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

**October Second**

Man is too much a god  
To worship even a woman utterly.

Thus let one woman learn, and  
one man teach :

A man is woman and a man  
besides,

A woman only a woman.

—*Richard le Gallienne.*

**October Third**

But what is woman? Only  
one of Nature's agreeable blunders.—*Mrs. Cowley.*

---

**October Fourth**

A woman is like to—but stay,  
What a woman is like who can  
say ;  
There's no living with or without  
one ;  
She's like nothing on earth but a  
woman. —*Hoare.*

**October Fifth**

One woman is fair, yet I am  
well ; another is wise, yet I am  
well ; another virtuous, yet I am  
well ; but till all graces be in one  
woman, one woman shall not  
come into my grace.  
—*Shakespeare.*

**October Sixth**

Now, elderly men of the bachelor  
crew,  
With wrinkled hose  
And spectacled nose,  
Don't marry at all,—you may  
take it as true,  
If ever you do,  
The step you will rue,  
For your babes will be elderly—  
elderly, too. —*Gilbert.*

**October Seventh**

How seedy and run-down  
Smith looks !  
Has he lost his money ?  
He must have lost his money !  
I haven't heard of his getting  
married.—*Judge.*

---

**October Eighth**

The contract "between man and  
man"

Is based in law divine and human;  
But never since the world began  
Could law, divine or human,  
span

The contract between man and  
woman.

—*Madeline S. Bridges.*

**October Ninth**

This day, two years, I was married,

"Whom the Lord loveth he  
chasteneth."—*Byron.*

**October Tenth**

Good wine I find a great  
strengtheners of the Bachelor  
heart.—*Ike Marvel.*

**October Eleventh**

“Well, Madeline, so I’m going to be married,” Bertie began.

“There’s no other foolish thing left that you haven’t done,” said Madeline, “and therefore you are quite right to try that.”

—*Trollope.*

**October Twelfth**

Love is master of all arts,  
And puts it into human hearts,  
The strangest things to say and  
do.—*Longfellow.*

**October Thirteenth**

Ship me somewheres east of  
Suez, where the best is like  
the worst,  
Where there aren’t no ten com-  
mandments an’ a man can raise  
a thirst. —*Kipling.*

**October Fourteenth**

A ribbon bright or dull, which I  
can skein  
About my fingers, or a flower of  
spring  
Which stales at noon of plucking  
in the morn,  
For they are soild things com-  
pared with faith  
In woman.

—*Lew Wallace.*

**October Fifteenth**

Perhaps the Lord made Bache-  
lors for the consolation of wives.  
—*Puck.*

**October Sixteenth**

Matrimony is a two-handed  
play in which from the beginning  
one always cheats.

—*Vada Agnew.*

**October Seventeenth**

You will find, my dear boy, that  
the dearly prized kiss  
Which with rapture you snatched  
from the half-willing Miss  
Is sweeter by far than the legal-  
ized kisses  
You give the same girl when  
you've made her a Mrs.  
—*Chicago Liar.*

**October Eighteenth**

I know the ways of woman ;  
when you will they won't, and  
when you won't they're dying  
for you.—*Dr. Ramage.*

**October Nineteenth**

And still they gazed—and still  
the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry  
all he knew. —*Goldsmith.*



**October Twentieth**

The lover may sparkle an' glow  
Approaching his bonie bit gay  
thing ;  
But marriage will soon let him  
know  
He's gotten—a buskit-up nae-  
thing. —*Burns.*

**October Twenty-first**

Secrets with girls, like guns with  
boys,  
Are never valued till they make  
a noise. —*George Crabbe.*

**October Twenty-second**

A woman may have the wis-  
dom of Minerva, with all the  
power thereof, and yet would  
sell her birthright for a chance of  
beauty.—*Ednah Robinson.*

**October Twenty-third**

A young man married is a man  
that's married.—*Shakespeare.*

**October Twenty-fourth**

A woman's double.—*Hood.*

**October Twenty-fifth**

There goes the parson; oh!  
illustrious spark!—*Cowper.*

**October Twenty-sixth**

God made him, and therefore  
let him pass for a man.  
—*Shakespeare.*

**October Twenty-seventh**

A bonie lass, I will confess,  
Is pleasant to the e'e;  
But without some better quality,  
She's not the lass for me.  
—*Burns.*

**October Twenty-eighth**

O sweeter than the marriage  
feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company.

**October Twenty-ninth**

As merry and mellow an old  
bachelor as ever followed a  
hound.—*Washington Irving.*

**October Thirtieth**

Where I love, I must not marry ;  
Where I marry, cannot love.  
—*Moore.*

**October Thirty-first**

An angry woman never won a  
man.—*Lew Wallace.*

**November First**

Can we forget so easily, my  
Lord? A woman can.

—*Lew Wallace.*

**November Second**

To everybody's prejudice I know  
a thing or two;  
I can tell a woman's age in half  
a minute—and I do.

—*Gilbert.*

**November Third**

Dick—He married, did he?  
Well, some fellows don't know  
when they're well off.

Jack—Well, in this case he  
knew the girl was well off.

—*Puck.*

**November Fourth**

He is a priest;  
He cannot marry, therefore,  
which is right;  
I think he would not marry if he  
could.

—*Browning.*

**November Fifth**

Strong ale was ablution,  
Small beer persecution,  
A drum was *memento mori*;  
But a full-flowing bowl  
Was the saving his soul,  
And port was celestial glory.  
—*Burns.*

**November Sixth**

Drink, my jolly lads, drink with  
discerning,  
Wedlock's a lane where there is  
no turning;  
Never was owl more blind than  
a lover;  
Drink and be merry, lads; half  
seas over.—*D. M. Mulock.*

**November Seventh**

These poor, silly woman things  
—they've not the sense to know  
it's no use denying what's  
proved.—*George Eliot.*

**November Eighth**

She hugged the offender and  
forgave the offense ;

Sex to the last. —*Byron.*

**November Ninth**

O, happy, happy, enviable man!

—*Burns.*

**November Tenth**

When afar the man has spied her,  
If the grateful, happy elf  
Does not haste to be beside her,  
He must be beside himself.

—*Saxe.*

**November Eleventh**

Marriage is the hitching-post  
on the road of life.—*Exchange.*

**November Twelfth**

I've seen your stormy seas and  
stormy women,  
And pity lovers rather more than  
seamen. —*Byron.*

**November Thirteenth**

Wisely a woman prefers to a  
lover a man who neglects her ;  
This one may love her some day,  
some day the lover will not.  
—*John Hay.*

**November Fourteenth**

A bachelor  
May thrive by observation on a  
little,  
A single life's no burthen ; but  
to draw  
In yokes is chargeable, and will  
require  
A double maintenance.  
—*John Ford.*

**November Fifteenth**

Fathers should never kiss their daughters when young men are by. It's too much. There are bounds to human endurance. So thought Sim Tappertit.

—*Dickens.*

**November Sixteenth****THE EXCEPTION**

Though in this rapid-transit age  
To shorten all things is the rage;  
Though novel, sermon, poem,  
and play  
Grow briefer with each hurrying  
day,  
One bulwark still defies endeavor—

A kiss is just as long as ever.

—*Life.*

**November Seventeenth**

A woman is only a woman,  
but a good cigar is a smoke.

—*Kipling.*



**November Eighteenth**

I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot  
from the mouth of a canon,  
But of a thundering No! point-  
blank from the mouth of a  
woman,  
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor  
am I afraid to confess it.  
*Longfellow.*

**November Nineteenth**

Lament not o'er the failures of  
the Past,  
Nor fondly hope thy Future may  
be cast  
Where victory waits thee with  
unfading bay ;—  
—*Edward Robeson Taylor.*

**November Twentieth**

A man's mind—what there is  
of it—has always the advantage  
of being masculine.  
—*George Eliot.*

**November Twenty-first**

I'll be merry and free,  
I'll care for naebody ;  
Naebody cares for me,  
I care for naebody.  
—*Burns.*

**November Twenty-second**

One bad woman can ruin more  
men than twenty good women  
can redeem.—*Lavinia Hart.*

**November Twenty-third**

My only books  
Were women's looks,  
And folly's all they've taught me.  
—*Moore.*

**November Twenty-fourth**

"Are women books?" says  
Hodges ; "then would mine  
were  
An almanac to change her every  
year." —*Poor Richard.*

**November Twenty-fifth**

Variety's the very spice of life  
That gives it all its flavour.

—*Cowper*.

**November Twenty-sixth**

Marriage is a feast where the  
grace is sometimes better than  
the dinner.—*Colton*.

**November Twenty-seventh****WOMAN**

Away, away!—you're all the  
same,  
A flattering, smiling, jilting  
throng. —*Moore*.

**November Twenty-eighth**

Tongue; well, that's a very  
good thing when it ain't a wo-  
man's.—*Dickens*.

**November Twenty-ninth****HE KNEW**

St. Peter (to first applicant)—  
Were you married while on earth?

F. A.—I was ; twice.

St. Peter—Walk in—you deserve it. (To second applicant)  
—And you ?

S. A.—Single all my life, your Holiness.

St. Peter—Then you've had your good time. What the devil do you want here ? (Slams the door viciously.)—*The Wasp.*

**November Thirtieth**

Rash mortals, ere you take a wife,  
Contrive your pile to last for life.

—*Poor Richard.*

**December First**

I'm thirty-one and a bachelor.  
—*Dickens.*

**December Second**

To every trace  
Of maiden grace  
You will be blind,  
And will not glance  
By any chance  
On womankind.  
—*Gilbert.*

**December Third**

"One thing I like about her is that she never gossips," said one woman.

"Nonsense," said Miss Cayenne. "That doesn't indicate amiability. It merely shows she has no friends who will entrust her with a secret."

—*Washington Star.*

**December Fourth**

—debt leads man to wed,  
And marriage leads to debt.

—*Kipling.*

**December Fifth**

O, what men dare do ! What  
men may do !  
What men daily do, not knowing  
what they do !

—*Shakespeare.*

**December Sixth**

Think you, if Laura had been  
Petrarch's wife,  
He would have written sonnets  
all his life ?

—*Byron.*

**December Seventh**

## IN KANSAS

Poor Cupid sighed. "Alas!"  
said he,  
"Girls are not what they used  
to be!  
They often run a 'blazer'!  
They seem to have no use for  
me;  
Instead of killing glances, see  
Them use the gun and razor!"

**December Eighth**

Men may be happy if they will,  
I said so often, and I think so  
still. —*Pindar.*

**December Ninth**

Thou art a woman, and there-  
fore a fool.—*Ouida.*

**December Tenth**

Old men love, while young men die.—*Kipling*.

**December Eleventh**

Keep thy heart with all diligence.—*Proverbs iv, 23*.

**December Twelfth**

Is not marriage an open question when it is alleged from the beginning of the world that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in.—*Emerson*.

**December Thirteenth**

If there's anything on God's earth troublesome to deal with at the breakfast table or on the witness-stand it's a woman.

Troublesome? Exasperating? *Devilish*.

—*Mrs. Burton Harrison*.



**December Fourteenth**

The lady witness was on the stand.

Question. What is your age?

Answer. I haven't any.

Q. What is your youth?

A. Inexhaustible.

Q. How old are you?

A. I am not yet old.

Q. How young are you?

A. As young as I ever was.

Q. How many years have you lived?

A. I do not measure time by years, but by heart throbs.

Q. Are you married?

A. No, thank Heaven.

Court (to Bailiff)—Mr. Officer, count the witness' pulse, and calculate how long she has lived from 1853 to 1901.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

**December Fifteenth****WOMEN**

Don't tell me about God having made such creatures to be companions for us ! I don't say but He might make Eve to be a companion for Adam in Paradise—there was no cooking to be spoilt there, and no other women to cackle with and make mischief ; though you see what mischief she did as soon as she'd an opportunity.—*George Eliot.*

**December Sixteenth**

But the marriage which is not made in Heaven, where is it made ?

I don't know, except when such a marriage is contracted there's the devil to pay.—*Puck.*

**December Seventeenth**

Alas! the love of woman! It is  
known  
To be a lovely and a fearful  
thing. —*Byron.*

**December Eighteenth**

He thought as a sage, though  
he felt as a man.—*James Beattie.*

**December Nineteenth**

What is a Sage, Papa? A  
Sage, my son, is a man who  
never marries.—*Exchange.*

**December Twentieth**

They saw two men by the road-  
side sit,  
And they both bemoaned their  
lot;  
For one had buried his wife, he  
said,  
And the other one had not.  
—*John Hay.*

**December Twenty-first**

Says George to William, "Neighbor, have a care ;

Touch not that tree—'tis sacred to despair.

Two wives I had, but, ah ! that joy is past !

Who breathed upon those fatal boughs their last."

"The best in all the row, without dispute,"

Says Will, "Would mine but bear such precious fruit !

When next you prune your orchard, save for me

(*I have a spouse*) one cyon of that tree. —*Poor Richard.*

**December Twenty-second**

“Ye can hae little rael pleasure in a merrige,” explained the grave-digger, in whom, perhaps, the serious side had been abnormally developed, “for ye never ken hoo it will turn out; but there’s nae risk in a burial.”

—*Ian MacLaren.*

**December Twenty-third**

They (the men) know they are only human, after all; they know what gins and pitfalls lie about their feet, and how the shadow of matrimony waits resolute and awful at the cross-roads. They would wish to keep their liberty, but that may not be; God’s will be done.—*Stevenson.*

**December Twenty-fourth**

We will have no sad forebodings  
On the eve of the blessed Christ-  
mastide.—*Charles Kingsley.*

**December Twenty-fifth****CHRISTMAS DAY**

In men whom men condemn as ill  
I find so much of goodness still ;  
In men whom men pronounce  
divine

I find so much of sin and blot,  
I hesitate to draw a line  
Between the two where God has  
not. —*Joaquin Miller.*

**December Twenty-sixth****AN OLD BACHELOR**

'Twas raw, and chill, and cold  
outside,  
With a boisterous wind un-  
tamed,  
But I was sitting snug within,  
Where my good log-fire flamed.  
As my clock ticked,  
My cat purred,  
And my kettle sang.

I read me a tale of war and love,  
Brave knights and their ladies  
fair ;  
And I brewed a brew of stiff  
hot-scotch  
To drive away dull care.  
As my clock ticked,  
My cat purred,  
And my kettle sang.

At last the candles sputtered out,  
But the embers still were  
bright,  
When I turned my tumbler up-  
side down,  
An' bade m'self g'night !  
As th' ket'l t-hic-ked,  
The clock purred,  
And the cat (hic) sang !  
—*Tudor Jenks.*

**December Twenty-seventh**

If you trust a man, let him be  
a bachelor, let him be a bachelor.  
—*George Eliot.*

**December Twenty-eighth**

Trust not a woman, even when  
she is dead.—*Buckley*.

**December Twenty-ninth**

Honest men marry young ;  
wise men never.—*Old Proverb*.

**December Thirtieth**

I can't bear to see you going  
the way of the foolish women  
who spoil men's lives ! \* \* \*

That's what makes a woman  
a curse.

That's why I'll never love if I  
can help it, and if I love I'll bear  
it and never marry.

—*George Eliot*.



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**December Thirty-first**

"O woman! in our hours of  
ease,

Uncertain, coy, and hard to  
please. —*Scott.*

"Yet seen too oft, familiar with  
her face,

We first endure, then pity, then  
embrace." —*Pope.*



EPILOGUE

---

'Tis pleasant business making  
books,  
When other people furnish  
brains;  
Like finding them in running  
brooks—  
The pleasure, minus all the  
pains!  
They tell us Wordsworth once  
declared  
That he could, if he had the  
mind,  
Write plays like those of Avon's  
bard;  
Whereat the stammering Lamb  
rejoined,  
"S-s-s-s-s-so you see  
That all he wanted was the  
mind!"  
O gentle Wordsworth, to deride  
Thy simple speech, I'm not  
inclined;

For these good friends, and thou  
beside,

Have freely lent me of their  
mind.

I've Shakespeare's point, and  
Burns's fire,

And Bulwer's own gentility,  
And Elia's meekness, yet aspire  
To Pope's infallibility.

I've made myself at home with  
Holmes ;

I'm in two Taylor's garments  
dressed ;

Campbell has told his rhymes  
to me,

And Shelley shelled out like  
the rest,

And Hood put on his thinking cap,  
And Goldsmith beaten out his  
vest.

I've pilfered Alfred's laureate  
strains,

And boldly counted Henry's  
chickens,

And drained Harte's blood from  
his best veins,

And stolen from Dickens like  
the dickens ;

Of Hogg I have not gone the  
whole,  
But of three Proctor's tithes  
demanded,  
And from a Miller taken toll,  
And plucked a Reade, to do as  
Pan did.  
I've beaten Beattie like a tree  
That sheds its fruit for every  
knocker,  
Nor let Sir Walter Scott go free,  
And filched a shot from Fred-  
erick's Locker.  
The ladies, too—God bless them  
all!—  
What pieces of their minds I've  
taken!  
It would Achilles' self appall,  
If hiding here to save his  
bacon.  
By Hawthorne's genius hedged  
about,  
And deep in Browning's  
brownest study,  
This is the sure retreat, no doubt,  
From critics' favors, fair or  
muddy.

Ah! How it Reads, How well it  
looks!

What one May call a death to  
pains!—

This pleasant way of making  
books,

With clever folks to furnish  
brains!

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*Minor Poems*











